

The Tragedy of Hamlet

But to my minde, though I am native here
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honour'd in the breach than the observance:
This heave-headed revell East and West
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;
They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soile our addition: and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute:
So oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-growth of some complexion,
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit that too much ore-leavens
The forme of plausive manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blasts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, royall *Dane*: O answere me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Have burst their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To cast thee up againe: what may this meane
That thou dead coarfe againe in complete Steele
Revistest thus the glimpses of the moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soule
Say why is this? wherefore? what should we doe

Hora. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee:
And for my soule, what can it doe to that,
Being a thing immortall like it selfe?
It waves me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe,
That bettels ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madnesse? thinke of it,
The very place puts royes of desperation
Without more motive, into every braine,
That lookes so many fadomes to the sea,
And heares it roare beneath.

Ham. It waves me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

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